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The Coronation of the Virgin

The Holy Cross Magazine

Aug.



1954

Jesus Christ--The One Mediator

BY ROBERT PACE

An explanation of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass: Addressed to Protestant Christians.

So God loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, to the end that all that believe in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (St. John III: 16). Then Jesus said unto them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you. Who so eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life; and I will raise him up at the last day." (St. John VI: 53-54).

The Incarnation, God becoming Man in the Person of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, is the central event of history. And concerning this God-man, our Redeemer, the Church has always proclaimed: "So God loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, to the end that all that believe in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The MASS (the liturgy of the Eucharist, the Lord's Supper, the Holy Com-

munion, the Holy Sacrifice) is the Church's chief means of proclaiming this great truth. It is ordained and ordered by Jesus Christ Himself. At the institution of the Mass, He took bread and wine and declared this *is* (not represents or seems to be but *is*) my Body and Blood. *Do this* He commanded. For by doing the Mass we *show forth* the Lord's saving death till He come again.

Man by his own free will chose to reject his Creator. And once having made the break could not repair it. A just God might well have left us in the way that we had chosen. But divine mercy tempered divine justice, and we have the Incarnation. The second Person of the blessed Trinity became Man "for us men and for our salvation" (Nicene Creed). Conceived by the Holy Ghost and born of the blessed Virgin Mary, He took the human name of JESUS (which means Saviour) for He was to save us from our sins. He would give the perfect obedience to God that we could not give for only such could bring Atonement. And that perfect obedience required the crucifixion of

our blessed Lord, the agonizing and sin atoning death of God Incarnate.

Thus the Atonement has been made. But our free will remains. We can reject even Jesus Christ and His redeeming love. He cannot redeem us against our will. We must permit Him to apply His Merits to us—else we perish.

But what has this to do with the Mass you are wondering. And I shall plainly tell you. Our Lord plainly said “no man cometh unto the Father but by Me.” There we have it. Jesus Christ is the Way, the Truth, and the Life. There is no other way for there is none other Name given among men whereby we must be saved. To accept Christ as Saviour we must accept Him fully; anything less is not a real acceptance. And to accept Him fully, we must believe what He taught and do what He commanded. This is NOT to say that we save ourselves for it is Christ who saves us and He alone. My point is that He will not, indeed He cannot, save us against our own free will.

The Sacrament of the Holy Communion was declared by Christ to be necessary to salvation. “Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man and drink His blood, ye have no life in you.” What could be clearer than this solemn warning from the Saviour Himself? There have been attempts to explain away this statement or to “interpret” it so as to deny its meaning. Dare we assume that God Incarnate spoke on such a momentous question except in the plainest of terms. Shall we dare to restate or “interpret” the very words that came from Him Who is Truth Itself. “Except ye eat the flesh . . .” Our Lord declared it, His Church teaches it, and Holy Scriptures confirm it.

Let us briefly consider the first Mass. We are in the upper room; it is the night in which our Lord was betrayed, the night before He was to die that we might live. The drama begins. Our blessed Lord takes bread and gives thanks, then He breaks it saying “Take, eat, THIS IS MY BODY which is given for you.” He takes the wine and says “Drink ye all of this: for THIS IS MY BLOOD of the New Covenant which is shed for you and for many for the remission of

sins: Do this, as often as ye shall drink in remembrance of Me.” Him by whom things were made had spoken. Bread and wine were by His creative Word changed into His precious Body and Blood. But all is not finished. Turning to His apostles the first bishops of His Church, He commands “Do this . . . in remembrance of Me.” With these words He commands the clergy (Deacons excepted) of His Church to do what He had just done—to change bread and wine into His Body and Blood. But for what purpose did He confer this authority and command this service? And for how long was this action to be repeated? He has given us the answer. It is to *show forth* His saving death *until His coming again*. This solemn action, the Mass, is to show forth the death of the Saviour until the end of time until He returns with the hosts of heaven to judge the living and the dead. Another question arises. To whom does the Mass show forth the death of Christ? It is not to the pagan for preaching and teaching are means of reaching those not of Christ. It is not to we Christians for we have accepted this death and been baptized unto it. It is to God the Father that the death of His beloved Son is shown forth. With God there is not the limitation of time that we know. All is present with God. And when the Mass is celebrated God again shows His beloved Son on the Cross. Seeing that **ONE SACRIFICE** for sin, He forgives us our sins, not because of any merits of our own, but for His Son's sake. As we are told by St. John that in Heaven the Lamb (Jesus), as it were slain, is there pleading for us as our great High Priest and Mediator. It is said in a very real sense that the Sacrifice of Calvary and the Sacrifice of the Mass are one and the same. This is true because in both it is the Body and Blood of Christ that are given. On the Cross in a bloody manner (once for all) our Lord's Body was broken and His precious Blood shed forth. On the Altar our Saviour is truly present in His Body and Blood, Soul and Divinity veiled under the forms of Bread and Wine. In this unbloody Sacrifice He thus shows forth to His Father His own saving death and also gives Himself to be the living Bread



"FORTHWITH CAME THERE OUT BLOOD AND WATER"

Eleventh Century Greek Mosaic

Life. We thus eat His Flesh and drink His Blood in order that we may dwell in Him and He in us. Therefore, the highest privilege of a bishop or priest is to celebrate the Mass. For therein he re-presents the Sacrifice of the Cross and feeds the members of Christ's mystical Body the Church with the Bread of Life eternal, the Body and Blood of Christ.

Every Mass is the same. There are various terms used to describe the types of cele-

brations. Low, high, solemn, and pontifical are the best known of these. But a low Mass in a small mission is the same as a Solemn Pontifical Mass in a Cathedral. Only the ceremonial aspects are different. This I will not go into here.

We have reviewed the first Mass. We shall now see that the Mass today is the same. We are in Church and the priest is at the altar. From the first Mass we hear the Saviour's command "Do this." And His

priest will obey. Following the example of our blessed Lord, the priest will give thanks, take bread and break it, and then over the bread and wine repeat the words "This is MY BODY . . . THIS IS MY BLOOD." By the action of the Holy Ghost, Jesus Christ is now present on the altar truly and objectively in His Body and Blood. This is what we mean by the Real Presence. Our Lord is as truly on the altar as He was in Bethlehem and now is in Heaven. The priest genuflects in adoration of his Saviour and God now present on the altar. Then he lifts the sacred Host and Precious Blood for our adoration. As with St. Thomas, the doubter, we humbly say "My Lord and my God" we see in action the words of Christ when He said "If I be lifted up I will draw all men unto Me." Having been once lifted up on the Cross, He is daily lifted up in the Mass and continues to draw humble and penitent sinners to Himself, the fountain of eternal life. The priest and faithful receive the Holy Communion, the Sacrament of salvation. Following the Communion the Mass is quickly brought to an end. And the faithful go out renewed in the strength of the Lord.

Words cannot describe the glory of the Mass. But experience can testify to the love of Jesus shown to us therein. It was in the Baptist denomination that I first came to trust in Jesus as my Saviour and at a Revival that I publicly acknowledged Him as Lord. I was baptized by immersion by a Baptist minister. And though I did not at that time realize the significance of this Sacrament,



I know that God's Grace came to me despite my ignorance. I remember the hearty Baptist singing of such hymns as "What a Friend we have in Jesus," "Just As I Am," and "The Church's One Foundation." Also the Baptist hymn "There's Power in the Blood." As a Catholic (a member of the Episcopal Church) I find a new and fuller meaning in the words of these hymns. "Just as I am" When I approach the altar to receive the Holy Communion the full impact of the words strikes home. I, a miserable and unworthy sinner, receive pardon and peace despite my unworthiness because of the Grace of God given through Jesus Christ. "There's Power in the Blood." The truth of the words is never so clear as when I receive the Blessed Sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ. For I am cleansed and forgiven and receive divine assistance to continue to face "the world, the flesh, and the devil" in His Name and as His soldier. Restored to health, relieved of worldly anxieties, truly I realize and thank God for "What a Friend we have in Jesus" Who beareth our sins and griefs. And I go out from the Mass in confidence that truly "The Church's One Foundation is Jesus Christ Her Lord."

What I have presented is plainly the teaching of the Bible. It was believed by all Christians for fifteen hundred years. And today it is believed by more than three fourths of all Christian people. It is proclaimed by the Universal Church which the Scriptures declare to be "the pillar and ground of Truth" and of which our Lord declared "he that heareth you (the Church) heareth Me."

Do you believe Jesus Christ Who said "This is my Body" or the "reformers" who said "this represents His Body"? Do you believe Jesus Christ who said "Except ye eat the Flesh of the Son of Man and drink His Blood ye have no life in you" or John Calvin who said "except you be predestined to salvation you are damned"? I prefer to believe the blessed Son of God Who has further declared "Come unto Me *all ye* (not the predestined but all who will) that travail ye are heavy laden, and I will refresh you."

"Lord Jesus, we believe; help Thou our unbelief."

Count It All Joy

BY INES SLATE

This would be an easily accepted story were I writing the life of a saint but I am, simply telling the story of an ordinary average man, a sinner like other men filled with imperfections and faults and in the words of St. Paul, "one of those called to be saints." All of us, each and every one are called of God to be His saints; to each He gives His great gifts; to even the lowliest of God's creatures, the Divine Joy is shared.

Some there are who would look askance at such assurances. "You just don't know," they would say, "Circumstances alter cases. I've had so much illness this past winter and the bills have simply piled up. It's easy to talk about joy when everything's going well but it isn't easy for us. We've had our troubles."

To tell the truth, all of us have troubles of one kind or another. Illness, death, loneliness, financial worries, these are the commonest of our everyday anxieties. But not one of these would bar us from the full reception of deep and everlasting joy. Joy is God's gift to you, and His gifts are given freely and lovingly.

St. Bernard de Clairvaux wrote that we learn to love by loving, by making deliberate acts of love; by taking thought, willing ourselves to the act, then putting the loving thought into actual practice. This is as true of the grace of laughter as it is of the grace of love. If we would have the joy of God we must learn to make frequent and willing acts of joy. "Ask and ye shall receive," said the Lord, so ask Him for His great gift of joy and, having asked, seek. Seek a reason for joy in each small happening of each ordinary day. For each good and perfect thing the day may bring, give thanks and render thanks with a joyous heart. Thank your God for the sunshine of the morning but thank Him, too, for all the petty annoyances of the day. They are His gifts, too, His way of leading you to accept them, to change them

from petty annoyances into acts of spiritual acceptance and mortification; they are the gracious means offered the individual soul for spiritual growth and devotion. Remember, too, that true spiritual joy can never breathe the same air as self-pity or self-love. The one you love best in all the world may break your heart and send your whole world crashing into ruin, but even this need not rob you of joy. Only Satan can take your joy from you and then only if you allow him to do so. God gives you your joy. Through melancholy and depression, Satan tries to steal it away; his success or failure depends on you and your sincerity in asking for grace to keep the gift of joy.

So speak a cheerful word to your neighbor; hold back that quick and angry retort. Admonish a mistake with love; hold tight the curb to natural impatience. These are easy things to say but difficult to put into practice. Despite our best efforts we slip and fall; the angry word rips out, the patience flares into the waspish retort. And the harm is done; we have lost our joy. Turn then, instantly, to your God and say to Him that, with all your heart, you are sorry. Ask Him to forgive you, ask Him for grace to try again. Then, insofar as may be possible, make amends for any harm your anger may have done. And your joy returns to you a thousandfold. Yes, it is possible for us to lose our joy, but we need not *throw* it away by refusing the simple act of contrition.

By joy, of course, we are not speaking of the shallow enjoyment that comes of frivolous pleasures. One might laugh for an hour at the antics of a clever comedienne or thoroughly enjoy the witticisms of a fine humorist, but these things are small earthly pleasures; they are not Cosmic Joy. One does not find this pearl beyond price in a darkened theatre or a blazing palace of pleasure. One finds it in the utter stillness of the soul held quiet and attentive before God.

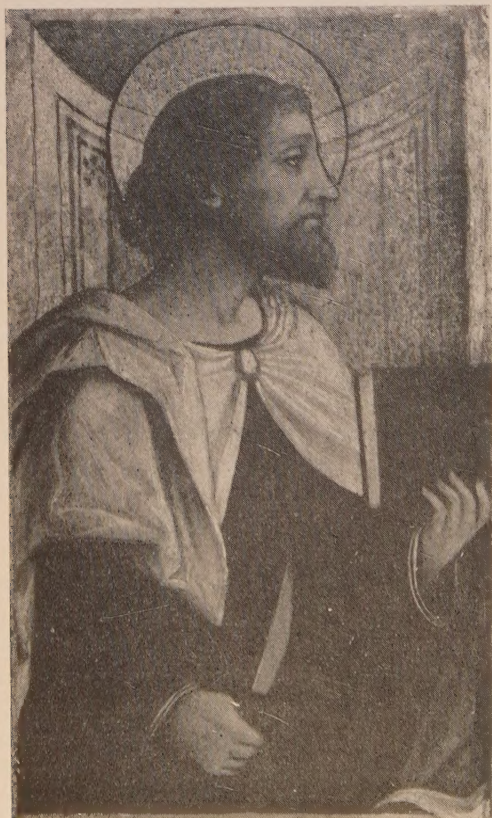
Nor is this true spiritual joy to be confused with mere emotionalism. Many well-meaning persons have felt themselves close to bliss during a Communion Service, or while praying or privately meditating. They afterwards look back longingly on these rapt moments and long for their return. Surely, at such moments, God Himself stood beside them; they could feel Him, sense His Presence; in fact, they were a little afraid to turn around. Listening to a recital of such transports one is reminded of Father Julien Gunn, of the Order of Holy Cross, who while conducting a Houston Mission, spoke of these selfsame raptures and suggested to his hearers that they go ahead and turn around; chances were, they'd find they were sitting in a draft! Such moments as these are not joy but, rather, a sense or feeling of pleasure. One may experience precisely

the same ecstasy while listening to fine music or viewing a great painting. Such "joy" is controlled and tempered by the emotions and the imagination and has no enduring value.

True spiritual joy, while it is the most priceless of possessions, is also an extremely costly one. It is not emotional, not particularly imaginative; rather it is a very deep tranquillity, an unshakable inner serenity, a truly perfect peace. Some there are who suffer greatly through physical pain, worldly problems, the stress and strain of everyday life who never for an instant lose this precious joy. It is quite possible to suffer so intensely and at the same time to retain spiritual joy. It is quite possible for the heart to be very heavy, while the spirit is light.

These are the people—be they monks or mechanics—who see every problem, every pain, in the chiaroscuro of the Cross. Daily depression, black misery can and does strike them down; they feel the terrible weight of the Cross crushing them to earth. And their answer is, always, to stretch forth their hands in faith, in prayer, in trust. Without fail, help is given; through the gloom of the Cross shines the gold of the Resurrection and of His glorious promises to those who remain faithful until the end. Often the pain, the problems, the grief remains, but in the end and through it glows perfect peace and true spiritual joy. These are the people who are never crushed or defeated by depression, self-love or despair. Instead, they crush depression, rout depression and laugh self-love to scorn. These are the people who can do all things through Christ Who strengthens them.

But words are such weak things when one attempts to explain an Infinite Gift in finite terms. There are still those who are baffled when one speaks of such joy, who protest, "Well, I pray. I attend Church regularly. I even made a Confession once, but nothing like that ever happens to me." And, almost invariably, they'll begin to pray and then upon a recital of woes and problems. For such as these there can be only one question, and it is terrible in its implications: what have you been willing to endure in pain or discomfort in order to reach through to joy? What have you tried



SAINT BARTHOLOMEW
By Borgognone

(Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art)
(August 24th)



SAINT LAWRENCE
By Fra Angelico
(August 10th)

Him, that He might give you this
eless gift? Have you offered Him so
e as a headache—with a smile, and as a
ll sharing in His pain? Has your head
ed so badly that you could not even think?
could think of you while His head was
wned with thorns. The heart-breaking
at that we would make is that *this* is the
g the selfish never understand. They
se to believe that in self-discipline, self-
ial, pain, disappointment can lie deep and
ing joy. "Devotion," said St. Francis de
es, "is that true spiritual sugar which
rects the bitterness of mortification by
sweetness of its consolations."

It is a fallacious argument to say that one
cannot know such joy because death has
brought overwhelming grief into our lives.
No earthly sorrow, perhaps, touches us so
profoundly as the death of a loved one, but
this should be a sorrow of separation. We
regret that we are no longer together, that
we have been robbed of our beloved com-
panion. But in actual fact we should strive
to rejoice in knowing that eye hath not seen
nor ear heard the glories that God hath pre-
pared for this one of His children, who loved
Him. We know the goodness, the gentle-
ness, the mercy of God; we know His un-
fathomable love, we know that our loved

one is resting in eternal peace in the everlasting arms. Our joy, though colored by the grief of separation, should be nonetheless true spiritual joy.

For those with the courage to seek it, there is joy even in the Crucifixion, that most awful moment of the world's history. There on the Cross hung Christ, the Son of God. Which of us, truly loving our God, can view the Crucifix, paltry replica though it is of the true Cross of Calvary, without tears? But the question remains: what if He had turned aside from His Cross? What if He had refused to pay so terrible a price, and had left us to work out our own salvation? Then indeed would our case have been hopeless. Of ourselves we can do nothing and no one knew this better than Our Blessed Lord Who, in one sublime moment, gently freed Himself from his guards, and voluntarily walked to His Cross, lay down upon it, and stretched out His Hands for the nails. He paid the price of our sins. He made the supreme sacrifice of Supreme Love. It was the blackest moment of all time, and yet it was, indeed, a very *Good Friday*.

That is why, with Anglicans all over the world, we can sincerely pray, "O Lord God, Whose Blessed Son our Saviour, gave His back to the smiters and hid not His Face from shame; grant us grace to take joyfully the sufferings of the present time, in full assurance of the glory that shall be revealed: through the same Thy Son, Jesus Christ, Our Lord." (Book of Common Prayer, page 144.)

The Cross of Calvary casts a shadow. Men concentrate on the shadow because it is easier on the eyes, far more natural for man that he should look on darkness. It is easy to gaze long and deeply into the night sky; almost impossible to look directly at the noon-day sun. Yet men fail to realize that, in the heart of the darkness that was Calvary, lies the glorious brilliance that is the Light of the World. Behind the somber and ignominious Crucifix rises the radiant, golden Cross of the Resurrection, empty of the Blessed Body, but filled with the Sacred Promises. When men begin to dwell on

these Mysteries, to look for the Eternal Light in the gloom of pain, and the vanquished dark in the glory of the empty Cross, they begin to find within themselves the first quickening of that spiritual joy, God's great gift for all eternity to those who seek it.

"... Who for the joy that was set before Him endured the Cross despising the shame" (Hebrews 12:2) is surely one of the most vitally telling sentences in Holy Scripture. There we find Our Lord's own example set forth to inspire those who are unable to find joy because of worldly trouble or tribulation. The eternal joy is always there, for those who are able to love Christ more than self.

It seems strange that one does not very often find the evidences of this thrilling spiritual joy among the people one meets in everyday life. It is impossible, I believe, to meet such a person and to fail to sense, at once, the radiant joy that is theirs. It is an inner radiance, a subdued glory, that almost seems to exude from the pores. One finds such individuals, as a rule, quiet, pleasant, cheerful, quite ordinary, and yet there is a perfect serenity, so that one instantly senses a person touched by the Hand of God, blessed with that peace, that joy, which the world cannot give. Of those among my own circle who possess this great gift, two are priests, one is a monk, another is a doctor, a third is a psychologist, then a housewife, and, finally, a mail carrier. It seems fairly obvious that one's profession, station in life, or mental capacities have nothing at all to do with the possession of this gift. The Blessed Jeremy Taylor saw exactly what the answer lay when he wrote, "As we come to God, so God comes to us."

How does one seek the gift of true spiritual joy? First of all by faithful reception of the Sacraments, by sincere and daily prayer, by a carefully planned and faithfully followed Rule of Life. I believe, too, that it can be given only to those who are clean of heart, who work and work hard in their efforts to remain in a state of grace, who seek the healing of the Sacrament of Penance, v



THE MAGNIFICAT

By Sandro Botticelli

faithful—and frequent—guests at the Lord's Table. I believe it comes to those who have a disciplined life and spirit, not necessarily practicing extraordinary mortifications, which might well be far too much for the ordinary layman, but cheerfully and quietly accepting, with thanksgiving, whatever petty involuntary grief, disappointment or frustration the day may bring. One must be able to say, "Thy will be done," and to mean it completely and sincerely. To those who see clearly that, whatever their own wishes may be, the Lord is doing for them better things than they can possibly desire, pray for, and who are happy to trust all things to His Providence, joy should be a thick, certain, strengthening and eternal gift.

"Anxiety," writes St. Francis de Sales, "the greatest evil that can befall the soul,

sin only excepted." When we give way to worry, anxiety, fear of the future, fear of illness, death or financial reverses, we openly advertise our lack of faith and trust in a good and loving God. We turn aside from Him, seeking help and consolation from earthly sources, ignoring the Only One Who can and will give us sure and certain help, the One above all others Who told us, "Ask and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full." (St. John 16:24)

Jack Delaney was not a rich man. When the burden of a serious illness came into his life, it swamped him with doctor and hospital bills, expensive radium treatments, and a host of other expenses. "I don't know what we're going to do," Mrs. Delaney decided, "The going is really getting rough and it's hard to see how we'll ever make ends meet. There are times when I think

we'll just have to cut down on our Church pledge. I'm sure Father Terry will understand." But Jack had shaken his head, "That'll never do," he'd said, "Everything we have, has come to us from God. Our contributions to His Kingdom on earth is a part of our bounden duty. We won't cut down on our pledge, instead, we'll raise it."

"Raise it!" Mrs. Delaney had echoed in stunned disbelief and Jack had smiled, "Well, we haven't very much. Let's say we raise it just a dollar each week. That's very little. But it's enough to throw the devil and *that* particular temptation out of this house."

A dollar a week. No, it wasn't very much. But to those with sufficient courage and faith to think of their Crucified Lord first and their own needs secondly, it was enough to bring into their home and hearts the glorious inner joy that is born in Heaven and waits so eagerly the souls that seek it.

As we have a duty to God, so also we have a duty to our fellowman to love him

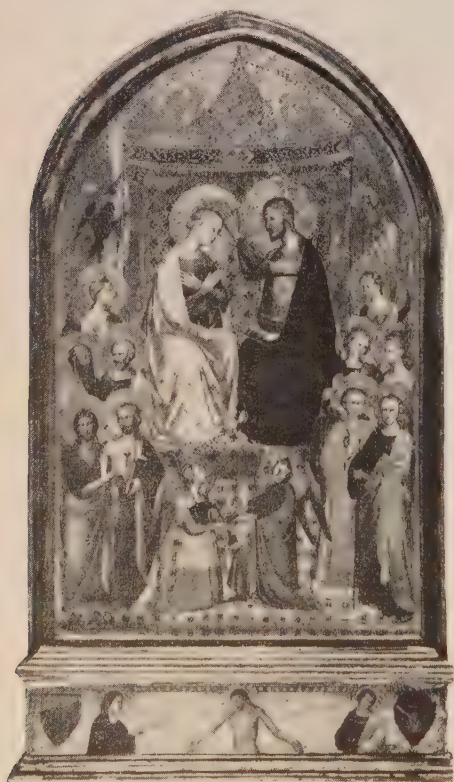
as ourselves. An important part of that duty is cheerfulness; the small jest, the bright smile, the thoughtful word of encouragement. Your neighbor is, I am sure, brimful of imperfections; you see them very clearly. Rest assured, he sees yours, too, as clearly. Look beyond those faults and foibles, look and see in him God's child. Hate his faults if you will, but love God's creature. Again we quote Bishop Andrewes who writes, "Part of the love of God and our neighbor must be the deliberate simplicity of a smiling soul."

"Evil sadness troubles the soul," wrote St. Francis, "disturbs it, excites inordinate fears, creates a disgust for prayer, stupefies and oppresses the brain, deprives the mind of counsel, resolution, judgment and courage and destroys her strength." And the good saint had a sure remedy for these attacks of sadness and melancholy: prayer. Like St. Paul and St. James he counselled that we be instant in prayer. And it is surely a most strange and wonderful thing that we come to Our Lord, bowed down with grief, trouble, anxiety, sadness, worry, bring them all to Him, only to rise from our knees filled, in the midst of a sorry world, with inexpressible spiritual joy.

Such spiritual joy is a duty, a duty first of all to the Almighty God who gives it to us, secondly a duty to others that we may cheer and strengthen them by word and example, and thirdly it is a duty to ourselves, that we may find peace and courage in our daily battles with the world, the flesh and the devil.

It is a duty. It is also a gift. If we would possess that peace which the world cannot give, we must possess spiritual joy. We accept it of God. We treasure it when it is given. We offer humble thanks, knowing that this gift is eternal and that no power on earth can take it from us.

"And be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit; speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord, giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father in the Name of Our Lord Jesus Christ (Ephesians 5:19).



THE CORONATION OF THE VIRGIN

Malgre Tout

By DAVID A. WATMOUGH

FIRST DAY (Being Good Friday)
 "regardez les clous dans les trous de mes
 mains!"
 sees the Christ in French,
 displaying his shattered hands and side.
 Then, more impatiently:
 look at my twisted form!
 look at the gore from my hands and feet.
 the heat
 of a brilliant sun,
 turns my mind
 to a tethelestic scream.
 and my blood, as mist, floats redemptive
 over a needing, Hellenistic world.

SECOND DAY (With time in between)
 gin and tonic—not too much ice . . .
 at the tumbler rattle in its palest amber;
 uneasy stain
 against the rain
 of a world of chromium.
 how I remember!
 best drinks already?
 tomorrow then, Sunday—
 while the mist is just lifting
 away from the slopes of the lovely hills;
 a sharp white thing, a spherical Host,
 rolling steadily over the kissable perfection
 of the close-cropped turf.
 meet you, soon after palest dawn then,
 in the Third Day—
 for the refreshment, bodily, spiritual,
 of a game of golf . . .

FOURTH DAY (Now called 'First Day')
 the same world, new—
 a century-and-a-half of industrial oldness,
 awakes!
 belching smoke from a million stacks,
 turning the mist to a poisonous fog,
 drowning the scream in a roar of exhaust:
 turns humpily over on its metal bed
 and says:
 Blood? Redness? Signifying *your* pain?
 What is that to us?"
 goes on to explain . . .
 You see Old Boy—

Pardon the familiarity
 But this *is* the blue,
 The post-blasphemous age—
 And there was a time, behind the smoke
 When you stressed yourself
 As a sort of friend;
 Before they lifted you up on the wood
 And you naturally became
 High and Almighty.
 (Unhappily a very worldly trend . . .)
 "You see Old Boy—
 We too, opened the sluice of swollen hearts,
 And let the redness gush across
 The green fields of our hate-tensed earth,
 Giving momentum to our own now rusted
 cause.
 We tore the flowered tears of poppy-blood
 From out the soil;
 And left a silent army
 Of leafless calvary-trees;
 An insufferable multiplication
 Of nails in cheap white deal . . .
 You screamed you say?
 You should have heard ours!
 Babbling incoherence as insides bared
 To the savage probe of hurtling steel.
 And this was neither the beginning nor the
 end:
 A mere red shaft in the complicated mosaic
 Of our indifference
 To your ancient articulation
 Of redundant categories;
 To your world of gross mithraic feasts,
 And ridiculous pre-occupation
 With minutiae;
 Of men on foot, using their hands,
 The rulers and the ruled—
 As simple as all that!
 Do you *really* expect a lifting
 Of two, heavy, time-tired folds,
 (The Roman, and the Western Flower
 We recently have sold),
 To smell your quaintly parabolic blood?
 To hear your uncouth Aramaic voice?
 Learn! Saviour of the Jews and Greeks—
 The oiled wheels turn,
 The dignity of our cement

Obscures your un-hygienic bed
 Beneath the ante-neon skies;
 Not only wars reduce your dimly shining
 ruth,
 But we have built our self-sufficient para-
 dise."

FIFTH DAY (Being midway to
 another First Day)

And it was the fifth day, though long after,
 When the cold still clung like a presence
 To the rough walls of damp concrete.
 Tractless wastes, sites for the new white
 splendour
 Of functional Chartresian fingers,
 Held the forlorn tongues of rust-red sorrel,
 And the white traces of dogs that barked
 no longer:

Once an edenic garden—now a slum-
 clearance.

Under a lowering sky, whipped to a sul-
 phurous yellow,

A Man, an outcast, walked.

Called before the plaintive surge of the
 morning sirens,

Stumbling reluctant in response to a cracked
 bell;

Alone in the greyness that was still an uneasy
 protraction

Of the night previous.

Yet aloner than that,

For his feet, like his faltering heart,

Walked to the hush of the world's opposition.

His ears deaf to the steady flapping

On tattered hoardings,

Hearing only the sound of his own cut-
 offness

Like far-off, roaring water;

His sight but a confusion,

Of the drabness of stone,

The soreness of advertisement-soaked paper,

He slunk on, unheeding;

Across the greenlessness

Of the homo-centric creation,

Ashamed yet hungry

For the incomprehensible,

The bigger-than-self-and-reason,

Of yesterday:

Which was the First Morning,

And is now the last day of the five day week.

Came to the soot-grimed pile

Of an earlier industrial eruption,

When brick, the color of vomit,
 Was fashioned from London clay,
 Entered under the gloomy arch
 Of too-late Gothic,
 And walked towards the muttering-man
 Whom the world knew as a blind fool or a
 knave.

Archaic words floated across the vacant pews
 Long, profound, but beyond his scope.

His mind leapt to life,

A scurry of broken thought;

Irrelevant images swam like clouds

Within that sorely straining head:

The sneering shrug of a sleepy wife,

The ache of a bladder sharp in the groin,

A dirty foot felt the cold shoe beneath the
 bed . . .

At last the walk—

The solitary clop of the lone feet

On the hard stone,

Like the self-conscious clop

Of a man condemned;

Alone in a world, alone in a church,

The only response to a far-off cry,

A man with a soul in a time-without-end.

The sink of the knees to the cushion's plush

The wine on the breath, the sign of the Cross

The fleeting cheat as the Blood's passed on

The dark of the cup and the warmth of the
 wine

In its slow-drawn flush.

The rumble of a stomach as a hunger's fed

A Communion begun with the raising of a
 head.

The thing's done! Sealed.

A pact made.

Across the years,

Across the laughter and the tears

Of innumerable days,

A Voice, a weary groan is heard.

The faintest taste on a man's lips

Proclaims . . .

A man records

The silent ooze of blood for love.

A trembling whisper from behind

The rented veil of time:

The Last Christian acknowledges . . .

My Lord and My God!

'O Kurios!

Save me Lord!



MEDIEVAL CALVARY—WORCHESTER CATHEDRAL

Author's note:

This poem is an attempt to stress the steady rejection — in — time of Christ; the 'failure' in time, if you like. And also the necessary participation for the Christian in that rejection and failure.

I think the concept of 'the little flock' (and shall we ever be really more?) illumines and informs the whole of our thinking about our unity and cohesiveness as Christians. In the last resort,

not even *koinonia* (fellowship) may be at our disposal: hence my imaginary eschatological portrait of the Last Christian type, with only a naked edifice of faith to sustain him in the Huxley-Orwellian world of tomorrow.

The headings to each part of the poem represent the world's distortion of an initial Christian chronology.

—D.A.W.

The Vision

BY JOHN PILGRIM

"The Christian Religion is so utterly beautiful, powerful, alluring that—there being at least one chance in a million, I'll bet whatever money I have, the hope of wife and children, and my own will also, that it's true.

If it turns out not be, that's just my hard luck!"

From the Letters of a Twentieth Century Monk

IT is now almost forty years ago when, by becoming an Anglican monk, this young man made his bet. And he literally laid his whole life "on the line" when he made it. When he explained his "gamble" to a relative of his—an atheist lawyer, by the way—the lawyer exclaimed: "Gamble! I'll say it is! It makes Wall Street look like a game of Old Maid."

What vision is it that such men see? For what he glimpsed that day, this young fellow gave up *all* that many of us choose to describe as "life." Is there one important element in normal living that is not summarized in that quotation? Money and the hope of making more, family life and all its riches, and the root of it all—a man's WILL! Is there more?

This has been going on for centuries, of course. And it will continue to go on—*laus Deo*—for centuries more. Man is a gambler—or he isn't a man. It's in our blood, our bone, the very fibre of us. Men and women will always yearn to gamble all for all—to set sail on the dark, majestic ocean of the Unknown—and *never* look back.

Of course, it's easy to say that what such folk see is a mirage, a vision—that it is never *really* there at all. Which is one of the reasons, I suppose, why so many of us refuse to take a good look. But there is very definitely the possibility, you know, that these people are NOT mad. Their "VISION" may not be visionary in the sense of false, at all. In his *STORY OF MANKIND*, Hendrik Van Loon, surely a secular

historian, says, right after his brilliant chapter on the turbulence of the Renaissance:

"But of all this, Brother Thomas in his quiet cell never heard. He had his manuscripts and his own thoughts and he was contented. He poured his love of God into a little volume. He called it *THE IMITATION OF CHRIST*.

It has since been translated into more languages than any other book save the Bible. It has been read by quite as many people as ever studied Holy Scripture. It has influenced the lives of countless millions.

And it is the work of a man whose highest ideal of existence was expressed in the simple wish that 'he might quietly spend his days sitting in a little corner with a little book.'

THE STORY OF MANKIND
by Hendrik Van Loon. Page 221.

This last sentence is certainly a challenge to many of us today. If a few words can summarize the teaching of a century—nay, more than that, of a way of life—it is expressed in the simple wish of the great Thomas a Kempis that:

"HE Might Quietly Spend His Days Sitting in a Little Corner With a Little Book"

We bustle so much these days. We sweat and groan continually about this thing called "the outward and visible." Now quite obviously that part of life is very important. We all have to eat. And from the pictures of him that I've seen, I'd guess the saintly and learned Thomas ate both regularly and well. But the "outward and visible" is so clear and unmistakably only a *part* of the picture. The true reality, as true men know, must always include the "inward and spiritual." Thomas and all of the Brethren knew that well, and there is much we can learn from them. These fourteenth-century brethren were ours — and that's the first point for us to comprehend; they were *OUR* brethren and not too easy for us to understand. For we so-called "moderns" are not exactly

se ourselves. Even the smartest intellectual lights of the fourteenth century — there were plenty of the “big brains” and then — would have trouble understanding a typical man of today. So it is entirely natural for the likes of us to be a little puzzled by such men as Thomas a Kempis, Gerard Groote, Father Florentius Radewin. I must mention a few of the many whose lives have come down to us.

Entirely aside from the fact that these men were contemporaries, and knew and befriended each other, they had one other standing point in common. They were contemplatives — each and every one of them. And they shared their precious inner life not only with each other, but through their words and their deeds, with all their fellowmen. And in that word, ‘fellowmen,’ we are of course included — you, and every other human being who has been blessed with the VISION to see.

Most of those who lived in the fourteenth century must have regarded *it* pretty much as we moderns regard *these* passing moments. To them, *it* was THE MODERN AGE. But to the true contemplatives among them, as to every soul that has breathed the sweet air of eternity, time must have seemed to be — as well it may be — an illusion. To such men, time must become something like the atmosphere — real enough, of course, but by its very nature and definition, immaterial. We of these modern times may well admit it. We are afraid of time — of utility — of religion. Not so these fourteenth century giants called THE BRETHRENN. As far as I can see they were not afraid of anything.

Suppose we take a quick look at a few of them.

It all began, I suppose, with the Hermit. No one seems to have known the man's name—if he had one. He just appeared out of the thin air, so to speak. But the words he spoke to that wealthy and worldly-minded clergyman, Gerard Groote, literally transformed that man's life. The Hermit was just another one of that almost mythical group of German mystics known to history as the Friends of God. What brought *him*



MADONNA AND CHILD

By Donatello

(Courtesy of the National Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.)

[Mellon Collection]

to town that day, and just how he spotted the brilliant Groote, no man will ever know.

Groote himself was born in Deventer, Holland, in 1340 A.D., “of distinguished and wealthy parents.” His influential father, Werner Groote, was burgomeister and sheriff of that town. His mother was widely known for her piety and her charity. Young Gerard turned out to be a bright young fellow — scholarly and well-educated. He received his Master of Arts, specializing in Theology and Canon Law, at the University of Paris.

But even more important — to his real, his inner life — he formed in Paris a life-long friendship with the brilliant Henry de Kalkar. De Kalkar, an authority on the history of the Carthusian monks, was twelve years Groote's senior and, among other things, his Father Confessor.

By the time the Friend of God found him, Groote was living literally "on the fat of the land." In addition to a liberal allowance received from his father, the popular young cleric had the income from several prebends, and had already become the Canon of Utrecht and Aix-la-Chapelle.

It was at a popular local sports event that the Friend of God found this well-to-do and socially acclaimed young preacher. There was neither band nor beating of the drums to mark the historic moment. The rough Hermit merely approached Canon Groote, and spoke these few immortal words: "WHY Standest Thou There Intent on Vain

Things? Another Man Thou Oughtest Become!"¹

These challenging syllables apparently made little impression on Groote at the time. After all, he was busy, and the game — whatever it was — was apparently worth the watching. It required a second "warning," and he received it. After he returned to his home in Deventer, he became very ill, and soon lay literally at the point of death. This time it was his old friend Henry de Kalkar who did the talking. The prior of the Carthusian Monastery at Maatschuisen, De Kalkar naturally came to Deventer to visit his sick friend. And for other things, he spoke these not-too-cheerful words to Groote:

Death Is Suspended Over Our Head

We Know Not Either the Day or the Hour of its Approach . . ."²

Strange as it may sound, it was then, at that moment—or so a Kempis tells the story—that the "father" of the BRETHREN OF THE COMMON LIFE was born. Did the words of De Kalkar bring back to the young man the vivid challenge of the HERMIT? Groote revived immediately. And what was more important, both to history and to the world, he resolved to change his entire way of life. After all, he was at the time thirty-four years old, and there was no real work for him to do.

His conversion, for that is obviously what it was, moved Groote deeply. Although Thomas a Kempis never laid eyes on Groote the Great — Thomas was but a child in 1384 A.D. when Groote died—he quoted him many times from his writings, and formed the words of Groote's many friends. Of his own conversion, Groote is reported to have said:

"Oh, the Stupendous and Adorable Omnipotence of Our Saviour! Oh, the Virtue of the Grace of the Ineffable Spirit, Which Can So Easily Change the Heart of a Man . . ."³

Thus it was — as always — in the life of one man that THE VISION was born.



TOMB OF THOMAS A KEMPIS

¹ Page 125—THOMAS A KEMPIS, AND THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE COMMON LIFE, by the Rev. S. Kettlewell, New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1882.

² op. cit. p126.

³ op. cit. p128.

The Big Difference

BY JOHN S. BALDWIN, O. H. C.

BETWEEN us and the animals, I mean—what is it? Not the little differences, such as tails. That would be trifling, besides leaving out guinea pigs and Manx cats. But the *big* difference, the essential—what is that?

From a large number of answers handed in for a children's mission, I am selecting for these three as the most suggestive: (1) animals are wild; (2) animals are dumb; and (3) animals are not spoiled. To this I venture to add a reflection or two of my own.

Animals are wild: They tear each other to shreds with tooth and claw. They prowl by night and lie in wait by day, eager to spring and kill. They live by killing. But not by murder when they kill they do it, not because of hate and want revenge, but just because they are hungry. They seek no comfort, no prestige. They do but take their food—the food appointed them by God—in the way God appointed. No concentration camps for them, no poison gas, no traps—for animals are wild.

Animals are dumb, too: They do of course have a sort of speech, a system of sounds that their own kind can understand. But no filibustering in the Senate: they are too dumb to do that. Nor any international conferences at which no one hopes for anything but talk. No televised committee hearings either. No, padre, not even sermons. Animals roar only when there is something to roar about, they bray when they are angry, they warble for joy of the sunrise and to entertain their lady love. And what do they do the rest of the time? *They keep quiet.* Barring magpies, they do not chatter all the time. They actually *like* to be quiet. Aren't they dumb?

And animals are not spoiled: They do not get their way by throwing tantrums, or sulking into a sulk. What good would it do? What audience would they have? Puppies and kittens have been known to whine

for things. But puppies are too little to know any better, and besides, puppies have been around men.

A peacock, too, will strut. But not in pride. Pride means thinking you are prettier or smarter than you are. Pride means having illusions about yourself and hating your rivals. Your peacock is only showing off what God has given.

Or consider pack rats. Why, we ask, must they collect bottle tops and buttons and shiny pieces of tin in little piles? Let my friend answer who collects old letters—can't bring himself to throw them away. Anyhow pack rats are not covetous: don't they always make a fair exchange? Covetousness is wanting things *away* from someone else. Covetousness is taking a mean advantage—wanting to get things by hook or crook—as if *getting* were the end and aim of life. Covetousness is hoarding foodstuffs while people in India starve. Covetousness is haunting Las Vegas and Santa Anita to bet money that other people need. Covetousness is a human being acting like a rat.

And the way people talk about pigs! True, their table manners could be better. And their conversation is limited in range. Yet how honest they are! They never pose as ascetic. They never even pretend to be reducing when they're not. And how humble—ready to take everybody else's leavings! But, you say, a pig never thanks God? No, he never does, and that is bad. How can he be so ungrateful? Is it just because he is a pig?

Animals are not spoiled. Are they then ahead of us? Let the children answer again. No, because *we can love God*. Your faithful dog can love *you*. But to love God—no, that is beyond him. It is to us that God has given that fearful and wonderful gift of free will. He has trusted us to take the steering wheel. We are free to love Him and be His friends, or to turn our backs on Him and love only ourselves. To love only ourselves

is to be miserable. Happiness comes from loving God. Yet God will not *make* us love Him. Love cannot be forced, it must be given. God gives it first. He loves us,

spoiled though we are. If we will but accept His love, and try ever so little to return it, He will lift us up out of our "spoiledness" into the joy for which we are made.

Book Reviews

SEEKING AFTER PERFECTION—by *William L. Phillips* (West Park, N. Y., Holy Cross Press) ; 89 pp; Cloth \$1.50, board \$1.00.

Know God. Love God, Serve God are the respective themes of the three sections into which this gem of a brief book is divided, followed by a few appendices of pertinent instruction. We are told in simple terms *how* to know, love, and serve God, and that is what we need instruction on most of all.

It is a book teaching religion, the Christian Religion, not to be confused with theology, although its underlying doctrine is as sound as that of the Book of Common Prayer. It is about the Christian way, the way of perfection, how to advance in it. It could only have been written by a pastor of many years experience, by a man who has known suffering and pain, and one who consistently has read widely, studied hard, meditated deeply, and practised perseveringly the principles he presents. In his preface the author says, "I have tried to make progress toward perfection simple and attractive." He has. No sentimentality is found here, but the wondrous, wholesome, commonsense spirituality of the Gospel.

It is no reflection on the author if this reviewer heard echoes of the teaching of Fathers Huntington and Hughson on every page. Nor is that to be wondered at since Fr. Phillips has been closely associated with the Order of the Holy Cross as an Oblate of Mount Calvary for some forty-five years, and sat attentively at the feet of those two great spiritual masters as long as they lived. In fact the book is in essence representative of O.H.C. presentation of Christian spirituality, with this difference, that the Order's teaching has been put through the crucible of the author's years of suffering—and come out pure gold. Because the book has been first lived it carries with it conviction and authority.

Yet it is a book for anybody, priest or layman: the sceptic, the unconverted, the uninstructed, the half-instructed (that includes most of us), the sick, the discouraged, the distressed, the retreatant, the Lenten reader, adult Confirmation classes, Y. P. F. discussions, Woman's Auxiliary devotion groups, Bible classes, prayer groups, for an individual or group which wants to advance spiritually. Even helpful to those seeking marriage counseling. Give this book to anybody, and when he has read it he will bless you. I know, for I have already given it, lent it to some thirty persons. And we ought all to keep it on hand for lending.

—G.

LIVING THE TEN COMMANDMENTS—by *Carroll E. Simcox* (New York, 1953, Motherhouse-Gorham Co.) pp. 120, Cloth, \$2.25

There is much to commend itself in this volume. The quotations at the beginning of each chapter are an excellent idea, the style is eminently readable, (reminiscent of C. S. Lewis), and its ease and familiarity with modern attitudes and ways of thought all serve to sustain the reader's interest.

However, the contents are not without their controversial elements and insofar as this is a book of apologetics for a Christian morality based on the Decalogue, there is a great danger when opinions pass for facts and interpretations claiming the weight of the whole Christian Society, are in fact more than the beliefs and opinions of certain groups within that Society. These things are dangerous because it is important to know when Christians can speak with a total unanimity on matters of faith and morals and the impact of their concerted voice should not be vitiated by those who claim a single Christian authority for what are legitimate but partial opinions. The world is quick to lay hold of any divergence among us and use it, quite fairly of course, as a reason to turn a corner.

to the united Christian witness to any situation.

For example, orthodox Christian belief, Catholic and Protestant, condemns divorce as being contrary to the express Will of God, yet the general Christian attitude to problems arising from sex, while so vividly authoritative on certain matters pertaining to the subject, is hesitant and inquisitive on others, preferring to allow the individual Christian to lean heavily upon the conscience of an informed conscience than to erect specific sign-posts to cover the whole area of morality in this field, where there is much that is still mysterious. Through the wonderful working of 'natural revelation' and God's constant unfolding of knowledge through the minds of men—much has come to light in the past fifty years on which the Council of the Church has still to deliberate before authoritative pronouncements can be forthcoming. And even apart from this intimate activity of the Church, there is always and always will be, mystery, problems, and uncertainty, for the Christian in this life, as well as for the pagan. St. Paul's words hold true: we see through a glass darkly, but it is only after this life, for the majority of us, much after this life, that we shall see "face to face" and there will be all light where there is darkness and unknowing. If we seem to labor this point it is because when historical periods of great uncertainty present, as today, authority appeals to man and the hunger for authority often covers more forms than that which contains the knowledge necessary for salvation. Let us be sure that we do not distort the Christian claim that we know *enough* into we know *all*. And perhaps a tendency to do just that is greater among Catholics than Protestants for there is certainly more formulation to guide the former, and that which is formulated is often uncomfortably specific. Yet still we see but darkly through the glass. . .

It is on this matter that I find Dr. Simcox most misleading, for he sees the whole of life, apparently, as a pretty mosaic of black and white, where, as we have just said, there is even for the Christian, a deal of grey with which to contend. For the sake of con-



SAINT LOUIS OF FRANCE
By Fungai

(Courtesy of the National Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.)
[Kress Collection]

venience, the author says, the Seventh Commandment is to be taken as not only forbid-

ding adultery, but a whole string of other things as well—fornication, sexual acts against nature, lewd jokes, obscene art and literature, and impure thoughts deliberately induced or indulged. And goes on to state that “this is a right understanding”. The obvious question that springs to mind is, why on earth doesn’t the Commandment state these things if they are what it means—after all, the Decalogue is not really a *General* summary of Shalts and Shalt Nots, as the range of Christian prohibition and positive imperatives extends over a much greater area than that of the Ten Commandments. It is not intended that they be equated with a complete Christian morality. As the author himself points out in talking of the Seventh Commandment—and surely it applies to all ten. “There is no use pretending that you are a saint simply because you manage to keep this Commandment”, (p. 89). And when he writes of the Sixth

Commandment, (Thou shalt do no murder) he is at pains to make it as specific as possible, even to the extent of refuting the literal sense of it as expressed in the Old Testament where it is translated, ‘Thou shalt not kill’ and emphasizing the Prayer Book form of ‘Thou shalt do no murder’. Rather bluntly, he informs us that the meaning of ‘murder’ rather than ‘kill’ is perfectly clear, and goes on to dismiss those Christians who from the Biblical reference find genuine trouble of conscience over the making of war and the use of capital punishment. It would appear that Dr. Simcox wants us to be very specific in this instance, but to be very general with our interpretation of the Seventh Commandment. I feel that he cannot have it both ways without giving the impression of special pleading, which, as I have already noted, is dangerous in a book of this kind. Surely we are entitled to asked if “murder” with the ambiguity inherent in the term, as



SAINT HELENA WITH A RELIC OF THE CROSS
Ancient Wood Cut

Lord's personal pacifism, does not make the commandment more relevant to pacifism than capital punishment than "adultery" is to obscene art? When a person dies at the hands of another, we might debate whether he was "murdered" or just "killed" but there is no doubt about the fact of his death, whereas obscene art has no such concrete evidence on which to debate one way or the other. In the lifetime of this reviewer, work of the 18th Century Christian mystic William Blake was confiscated by the London police as obscene! And this, surely, has been like the case with Christian attitudes toward nature. The church is always, and quite rightly, conservative in her attitude towards what is novel but this is a good reason for a need of conservatism in judgement. I am made very unhappy by seeing "obscene art and literature" listed under the absolute condemnation of adultery by the Seventh Commandment, not because I do not con-
 cern with the whole Christian body that such is truly obscene, but because it pre-
 vents an ability to perceive obscenity in
 art with the same facility that we can per-
 ceive adultery, which is strictly untrue. It
 is possible to imagine, art, including litera-
 ture, which is obscene for one and not for
 another: adultery allows of no such distinc-
 tion. In fact, the whole point of the Com-
 mandment is to stress its universal applica-
 tion and to make very black and vivid that
 which can be made so.

In defence of himself the author contends
 that he is "maintaining what is usually re-
 garded as the traditional and 'rigorist' view
 of sex;" and goes on to say: "It is the tradi-
 tional one in the sense that it is the biblical
 and historic Christian view of sex; since I
 am a Christian and since this is *clearly* (my
 words) the only Christian view, I am com-
 mitted to it . . . It is the only view sanctioned
 and taught by Christ, whose authority and
 Christian will accept as of God and therefore
 final." Here again, our author is misleading.
 To the best of my knowledge our Lord made
 no mention that has been recorded of either
 lewd jokes, or obscene art and literature.
 This is not being merely facetious; it is an
 attempt to protest against art, obscene or

otherwise, being dragged in on the coat-tails
 of adultery. Of course the Christian abomi-
 nates fornication, sexual acts against nature,
 lewd jokes, obscenity and the rest, but he can
 find good reason for his detestation of these
 things on their own grounds, and has no need
 to find his justification in terms of his specific
 imperative of the Decalogue or by putting
 into our Lord's mouth words that He never
 uttered.

Fortunately the author continues the par-
 agraph from which we have quoted above,
 on premises that have a more solid founda-
 tion. . . "Some great codes and cultures have
 gone so far as to condemn sex as evil in it-
 self. Christianity does not. It declares that
 sex is a good gift of the good Creator". Is
 this not a better argument against the mis-
 use of sex than to lump it all under the banner
 of adultery and give it, erroneously, the
 Old Testament authority of Mt. Sinai? To
 use Dr. Simcox's own argument, (p. 79)
 obscene art and literature, *may be wrong on
 other grounds but it is not adultery*. . . lewd
 jokes *may be wrong, but the Seventh Com-
 mandment does not cover the case*.

But if we take issue with certain remarks
 in the chapters pertaining to murder and
 adultery, we can find nothing but praise for
 the one entitled: ON CHOOSING AND
 BEING ANCESTORS. Reared in one
 form of modern democracy, now living in
 another, I grow increasingly conscious of a
 fundamentally non-Christian spirit inherent
 in the meaning that the Anglo-Saxon com-
 munities give that word. Father Simcox
 hints strongly that he too perceives this—
 and is not afraid to give voice to his doubts
 at the risk of unpopularity. None of us like
 to be accused of being un-patriotic but in a
 very profound sense, I think, the Christian
 is the true subversive. It was to the honor
 of the Early Christians that the heads of State
 in the Roman world were afraid of them—
 would that the heads of the democratic na-
 tions of the West were sometimes afraid of
 us! The writer reminds us that the Roman
 Pontiff is not ashamed to call himself "servant
 of the servants of God" and points out that
 he has good biblical precedent for this in
 the words of our Lord: "If any man desire

to be first, the same shall be last of all, and the servant of all". One warms to the writer when he comments cryptically: "Whether this be good democracy or good Americanism, I judge not; I simply point out that it is essential Christianity."

His summary of this matter is worth quoting in full.

"We have raised the question about the apparent conflict between our ostensibly democratic determination not to bow the knee to any man and this Christian duty of ordering ourselves in lowliness and reverence before all men. If there is a conflict here for the Christian, the Christian idea must stay and democratic idea must go. But there is not necessarily a conflict. Most present-day Americans "(and not only Americans)" misconceive democracy as they misconceive Christianity; they think that the first concern of the democrat must be his own position and dignity. They are wrong. The first concern of the true democrat must be the *other* person's position and dignity. If I will order myself in lowliness and reverence before you, and you reciprocate, and this becomes the general rule between us, our democracy becomes Christian and strong and lasting."

Now although I think Dr. Simcox is being just a little sanguine in his belief that there need not necessarily be a conflict, he states, unequivocally, the Christian attitude—born

of a passion of love, issuing in humility. The agapaic activity cannot, to my mind, be assumed by the non-Christian modern, and his view of democracy is as valid as ours, though utterly opposed to it. If the Christian Body were to act as it believes, on the principle of love and humility, if at our different levels of vocation, we were all to be imbued with the spirit of St. Francis of Assisi—then the modern state, an uneasy compromise between an attenuated Christian ethic and pagan egotism, would be thrown into utter confusion. The business of the world would break down, the Stock Exchanges, which run on the principle of usury, would disintegrate, political patterns which we now see about us, would be rendered obsolete and meaningless, and we should suffer our right persecution from all the vested interests concerned, to a degree that would make the present persecution of Communism pale on the color of a garden party . . .

Dr. Simcox's words persuade this reader to ask himself the question:

"Is Christianity more revolutionary than Marxism—in terms of its incarnated life in this world, or is it not?" Or again; "Do we dare call contemporary society even an approximation to the Christian vision of the Kingdom on earth?" To the first we can only reply with an emphatic YES and to the latter, with an equally emphatic NO.

—D. A. V.



THE GARDEN—HOLY CROSS MONASTERY

Order of St. Helena

NOTES FROM VERSAILLES

ne was given over to the festivities (and amusements) preceding commencement, the commencement week itself, and then suffering from the impact of the school year.

As quickly as possible after commencement we prepared for the summer work of the Sisters, for their rest and for another school year.

is with deep thankfulness and satisfaction that we pause momentarily to look back and to look ahead. It has been the best school year we have ever had; a steady, happy household, a loyal and capable staff, in general health good, and the academic work satisfactory. There were only five graduates in the graduating class. Of these, three are going to college, one into nurse's training and one to the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music where she has won a scholarship. There have been fewer baptisms and confirmations than usual for the reason that most of the pupils came from Church families. Two of the graduates are daughters of pastors: one of whom, Father Delbert Charnick of Madison, Indiana preached the Baccalaureate sermon, and the other, Father William Sheppard of Sparks, Nevada, gave the commencement address.

June 7th, the evening of commencement, the first graduating class of the Lexington Seminary arrived for a two day retreat prior to their ordination. The retreat was conducted by Father Milstead of Maysville, Kentucky.

June 11th, the Sisters and other members of the household all went to the ordination at Christ Church, Lexington.

On June 12th, in the Chapel of Christ the King, our associate, and one of the ordinands of the day before, the Rev. James Purman, offered his first Mass and gave us his blessing. Afterwards, he and a dozen of his friends had breakfast at the school. This Mass was one of the high points of our Community history in Kentucky. Ever since we have been here there has been a group of priests and young men, possibly because there is no monastery for men in our diocese, who

use our Chapel and our library, the school building for retreats and rest during the holidays and are often here for tea. Father Purman is one of those "boys." God bless him.

Another source of great interest and pleasure this year has been in having as our guest in the school, Miss Alice Sano, an American-born Japanese. Miss Sano is sailing in July, sent by the National Church to Japan, and at Bishop Yashiro's request, in preparation, spent the year with us studying prayer, Old Testament and Plainsong. She has helped in the school in many ways and we all love her. When the time came for her to go it was a question whether it was harder for her to leave us or for us to be left. But we are glad to have had at least a small share in the missionary work of the Church, and we hope we may be of more service in the future.

Last winter at a Trustees meeting the Superior said we should "do something about a Chapel." We have "done" all we could all these years stepping over each other and squeezing and finally taking the school to Chapel in sections. There seemed nothing further we could "do" about the inadequate basement room we are using. To build, even a minimum suitable Chapel under present costs and conditions, to the Sisters seemed too stupendous to contemplate; but not to the Sophomores. It is a big class of incredible energy and enthusiasm. One evening they turned up in a body at Benediction, and afterwards, in a body with an IDEA, in the office of the Principal. They decided, after having said their prayers, that they would be the first class to be graduated in the new Chapel, and that they would help raise the money. So with the proceeds from the Mardi Gras Carnival, from innumerable candy bars, soft drinks and cookies, stuffed animals and packets of seed, our campaign is launched. Mr. Ward Sterling, an architect and the brother of one of our Sisters, is giving us the plans and specifications in memory of his mother and father.

All this left the Convent a little breathless but very happy. There have been many opportunities for summer work for the Sisters, most of which it was necessary to decline for lack of Sisters. Fortified with the loan of Sister Mary Florence by the Mother House we filled the following engagements:

June 20-26, Sister Frances and Sister Mary Florence taught courses on Prayer and Sacristy Work at the Howe Conference in Howe, Indiana.

June 21-24, Sister Rachel gave a series of talks at the American Church Union Conference on Catholic Sociology, held at Bernardsville, New Jersey.

The retreats for Associates were conducted at the school, one the weekend of July 10, and one from July 12-16, by Father Bicknell, O.H.C.

July 18-Aug. 1, Sister Rachel and Sister Frances gave a two weeks' Vacation Bible School at the Church of the Ascension, in Clearwater, Florida. The general topic was the Church and the Sacraments. They also

spoke in Tampa to The Guild of St. Helena on the life and work of the Order.

The Sisters will all be at the Mother House for their long retreat, from August 16-September 1.

Another year the Sisters hope, with the assistance of some of the Associates, to be able to undertake more missions in conferences and summer schools.

NEWBURGH NOTES

Our two convents started off the summer with a temporary trade in personnel—Sister Marianne joined us on the Northern front while Sr. Mary Florence returned to the "Ole Kentucky Home." We've had loads of welcome guests during June and July. To mention a few, there were the Altar Guild from St. Margaret's, Fresh Meadows, N. Y.; a retreat conducted by Sr. Jeannette for high school girls from Mendham, N. J.; our Associate's Retreat, June 16-19, conducted by Fr. Rubino of Warwick, N. Y.; and a group from St. Andrew's, Trenton, for a three-day visit.



MAY DAY CEREMONY
Margaret Hall School



SAINT AUGUSTINE OF HIPPO
Patron of the Order of the Holy Cross
(August 28th)

On June 15th Fr. Carruthers conducted our Chaplain's Hour for us, when he discussed the proposed liturgical changes in the Book of Common Prayer.

A contingent of two Sisters, two Postulant, and a guest brought back glowing reports of the Corpus Christi festivities at the Holy Cross. The guest, by the way, was Alice Sano, who departed for Japan on July 25th. She plans to teach at Shoin, a Catholic junior college in Kobe. While she was here, energetic Miss Sano got in a few "licks" of trellis-painting. That seems to be an endless operation, and one of the few garden jobs Alex, the caretaker, allows us to do. He's very skeptical of our gardening ability, and usually ends up overseeing our every move, or taking over

altogether. *All* efforts are rewarded, however, for the garden is a joy to behold.

The Feast of SS. Peter and Paul marked the first anniversary of our move to Newburgh, and July 3rd, of our first Mass and reservation of the Blessed Sacrament in our Chapel. We're looking forward to our long retreat in August, when the whole Community will be assembled in the Mother House for the first time. The realization that God has given us so much in one short year, and shown us so many new ways to give ourselves to Him, fills our hearts with gratitude and wonder. Please help us give thanks for His great goodness.

Notes

The Long Retreat was conducted this year by Bishop Campbell, O. H. C., With Father

Terry representing the Western House and all the Community from Tennessee, together with the members of the Order stationed at West Park and the novices, we had a full choir. Immediately after the Long Retreat, Bishop Campbell, Brother George, Father Bicknell, Father Packard, Father Gunn and Brother James left for Chicago where they attended the meetings of the Catholic Congress.

During July:

Father Harris continued his work at Grace and Saint Peter's Church, Baltimore, Maryland where he has been supplying in the absence of the rector.



A VISIT TO THE MONASTERY

It is now possible for all of you to enjoy the beauties of the Monastery here at West Park and see the Religious Life as we live it. The Order of the Holy Cross offers to lend sets of colored film-slide (2"x2") to parish groups and other organizations wishing to learn more about the Religious Life. There are about seventy slides illustrating every phase of our life and work and covering the full round of "a day in the life of a monk." A mimeographed script has been prepared describing each slide. Users will find "An American Cloister" by Father Hughson, O.H.C., helpful in obtaining additional background material and this book is available at \$1.00 from Holy Cross Press. The slides are not for sale, but will be sent on loan for the expense of postage and the offering which is received at their showing. Address requests for the slides to: "O.H.C. Slides," Order of the Holy Cross, West Park, New York.

Father Bicknell conducted two retreats for associates of the Order of Saint Helena at Versailles, Kentucky.

Current Appointments

The General Chapter of the Order will meet on August 6 for the election of superior.

Bishop Campbell will conduct the Long Retreat for the Order of Saint Helena at the Newburgh convent from August 18-20.

Father Hawkins will supply at Saint Andrew's Church, New Paltz, New York, on Sundays during the month of August.

Father Bicknell will conduct a mission to young people at Saint Augustine's Chapel, Trinity Parish, New York City, August 16-21.

Brother James will represent the Order at the Anglican Congress, Minneapolis, Minnesota. He will assist Father Bicknell with the mission at Saint Augustine's Chapel.

Ordo of Worship and Intercession Aug. - Sept. 1954

Within the Octave of the Assumption BVM Semidouble W Mass a) of the Feast gl col 2) Trinity ix
r pref BVM through Octave unless otherwise directed or b) of Sunday G col 2) Assumption—for
the return of the lapsed

Within the Octave Semidouble W gl col 2) of the Holy Spirit 3) for the Church or Bishop cr—for
the Priests Associate

Within the Octave Semidouble W gl col 2) St. Helena QW 3) of the Holy Spirit cr—for the Order of
Saint Helena

Within the Octave Semidouble W Mass as on August 17—for the Confraternity of the Love of God
St. Bernard Ab CD Double W gl col 2) Assumption cr—for the Seminarists Associate

St. Jane Frances de Chantal W gl col 2) Assumption cr—for the growth of the contemplative life

10th Sunday after Trinity Semidouble G gl col 2) Assumption cr pref of Trinity—for the sanctifica-
tion of the clergy

Vigil of St. Bartholomew V col 2) of St. Mary 3) for the Church or Bishop—for the bishops of the
Church

St. Bartholomew Ap Double II Cl R gl cr pref of Apostles—for missions in India

St. Louis KC Double W gl—for all in civil authority

Thursday G Mass of Trinity x col 2) of the Saints 3) *ad lib*—for Saint Andrew's School

Friday G Mass as on August 26—for the American Church Union

St. Augustine BCD Double W gl cr—for the Order of Saint Augustine

11th Sunday after Trinity Semidouble G gl 2) Beheading of St. John Baptist cr pref of Trinity LG
Feast—for the conversion of good pagans

Monday G Mass of Trinity xi col 2) of the Saints 3) for the faithful departed 4) *ad lib*—for the
Holy Cross Press

St. Aidan BC Double W gl—for the Companions of the Order of the Holy Cross

September 1 St. Giles Ab Simple W gl col 2) of the Saints 3) *ad lib*—for Church hospitals

Thursday G Mass as on August 30—for the faithful departed

Friday G Mass of Trinity xi col 2) of the Saints 3) *ad lib*—for the Confraternity of the Christian
Life

Of St. Mary Simple W gl col 2) of the Holy Spirit 3) for the Church or Bishop pref BVM (Vener-
ation)—for the Oblates of Mount Calvary

12th Sunday after Trinity Semidouble G gl col 2) of the Saints 3) *ad lib* cr pref of Trinity—for the
leaf, dumb and blind

Monday G Mass of Trinity xii col 2) of the Saints 3) for the faithful departed 4) *ad lib*—for Chris-
tian reunion

Tuesday G Mass of Trinity xii col 2) of the Saints 3) *ad lib*—for the Servants of Christ the King

Nativity BVM Double II Cl W gl cr pref BVM—for the Community of Saint Mary

St Peter Claver C Double W gl—for the Liberian Mission

Friday G Mass as on September 7—for Mount Calvary Priory

Of St. Mary Simple W Mass of Nativity gl col 2) of the Holy Spirit 3) for the Church or Bishop pref
BVM (Nativity)—for Christian family life

13th Sunday after Trinity Semidouble G gl col 2) of the Saints 3) *ad lib* cr pref of Trinity—for social
work

Monday G Mass of Trinity xiii col 2) of the Saints 3) for the faithful departed 4) *ad lib*—for the per-
secuted

Exaltation of the Holy Cross Double II Cl R gl cr pref of Passiontide—for the Order of the Holy Cross

Seven Sorrows BVM Double II Cl gl col 2) Ember Wednesday seq cr pref BVM LG Ember Day—for
the peace of the world

St. Cyprian BM Double R gl col 2) Edward Bouverie Pusey C—for vocations to the religious life

. . . Press Notes . . .

THE DIVINE OFFICE. This is the title of a Tract published by the Sisters of Saint Mary at Kenosha, Wisconsin. It is a reprint from *Holy Cross Magazine*, of an article by the late Fr. Hughson and should be of interest to all serious Christians, but especially to those who recite the Daily Office. We have some copies at 15c each.

HOW TO BEGIN A RETREAT. This is a four-page folder by the late Canon Douglas, and is also a publication of the Sisters of Saint Mary. We have copies at 5c. Canon Douglas was a master of his subject and the explanation of retreat silence is especially good.

A GOOD BOOK. Rarely has one of our publications brought so many commendatory letters as has *Seeking After Perfection*. One Religious writes: "Everyone who has read this small book says that it is remarkable." The reviews have been most favorable. We congratulate the author, Fr. William Phillips, and thank him again for having sent us the manuscript.

REMEMBER ME IN YOUR PRAYERS. Just what do we mean when we tell someone, "I'll remember you at Mass", or, "I'll offer Mass for you?" In answer to this Fr. Stevens, O. H. C. wrote an article in *Holy Cross Magazine*. Several priests wrote to say that this would make a good Tract, so we have published it under another title, "*I'll Offer the Eucharist for you.*" It is now ready and the price is \$1.50 per Hundred, with minimum order of 25 at Forty Cents Cash.

CONGRESSES. By the time this issue *Holy Cross Magazine* is off the press, we will have left for Chicago and Minneapolis to attend the Catholic Congress and Anglican Congress. At Chicago we will have a small display in the Stadium; in Minneapolis at St. Mark's Cathedral Hall, a somewhat larger display of books, Tracts, etc.. The latter meeting will bring together Anglicans from all over the world.

NEW PUBLICATION. We have a new book in production—*The Taming of the Tongue* by Elaine Murray Stone. As the title suggests it deals with sins of speech. We will announce publication date in the September issue.

BOOK REVIEWS. From time to time we run reviews of the books of other publishers. Unless we announce to the contrary, all such books should be ordered direct from the publisher, and not from Holy Cross.

FATHER DRAKE attended the Summer School of Alcohol Studies at Yale University, July 5th.-29th., and will be in Chicago for the Catholic Congress. From there he will go to Minneapolis for the Anglican Congress, where the Press is having an exhibit. During his absence, an old friend of O. H. C. Meritt Bogart, is helping in the Press office. Dr. Myers, our regular and faithful assistant, will have his holiday on Fr. Drake's return.

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